As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith; as thus Come little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell (againe,
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles;
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuse that shame
That many have, and others must sit there;
And in this thought, they finde a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of such as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Prison, many people;
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treason makes me wish my selfe a Begger,
And so I am. Then crushing penury,
Perswades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Musicke.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Musicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time; How sowre sweet Musicke is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Musicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintinesse of eare,
To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
But for the Concord of my State and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke:

Mu

My thoughts, are minutes; and with sighes they iarre,
There watches to mine eyes the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is poynting still, in clensing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous grones, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighes and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, houres, and times: O but my time
Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling here, his jacke o'th' Clocke.
This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad:
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard*.
Is a strange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.
The cheapest of us, is ten grotes to deare.
What art thou? And how com'st thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets, that Corronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestrid,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That jade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.